

"The PRISONER'S FATHER"

The Greater Tragedy Behind All Tragedies



WHEN the aged father of the Rev. C. V. T. Richeson fell upon his son's neck in the prison at Boston, and the two men sobbed in each other's arms, a tragedy was unfolding, a tragedy deeper and more heart-rending than even that which led to the death of poor Avis Linnell.

"My boy! My boy!" cried the father in his anguish. Almost the words with which the breaking of King David's heart was registered for all time when they brought him word of the death of his erring son Absalom.

"Deal gently with the young man," the old king had said to the soldiers he sent out to capture the rebellious youth. And when divine justice cut him off in his sins, David cried, "Oh! Absalom, my son, my son!"

Through the ages this cry has rung. It has burst from the heart of almost every father whose son has committed crime.

Much is written and said about the weeping mother of the son who goes wrong—a figure full of pathos that obtrudes itself forcibly, often overshadowing the equally pathetic figure of the father of the prisoner, for a man's grief, though no less deep than a woman's clamors not from the housetops, but broods in the dark silences of the heart.

Father's Grief Worse.

A mother's grief differs from a father's in this—that she, in spite of overwhelming evidence, can never believe her son to be guilty. Thus her passionate tears are those of rebellion against injustice to one who is dear to her. She will fight, as the mothers of Carlyle Harris and Harry

Thaw fought, to save their sons from what they believed an unjust fate. A father, on the contrary, may know his son to be guilty. He may be obliged to let the law take its course, to sit silently alone at home when his son is being led to the gallows or the electric chair, knowing that the boy so dear to him is meeting a just fate. In cases like this—and they are by no means exceptional—the father's grief transcends in its miserable tragedy even that of the weeping mother.

The figure of Judge Paul Charlton quietly coming to the aid of his son when the young man returned home almost boasting of having killed his wife in Italy had something awe-inspiring in its loneliness. Here was a highly respected man, of good southern family, who had attained a position of trust and responsibility in the service of his country, who had brought up a bright boy, with all the care and solicitude of a refined home, lavishing affection upon him, hoping great things for him, and suddenly all these hopes were swept away and in their place he must needs forge for himself a solitary grim hope—that of saving the boy from the disgrace of a murderer's death.

Gen. Hains' Pathetic Figure.

Another heroic figure—heroic because of the way it stood firm in the tempest of tragedy swept about it—was that of Gen. Peter C. Hains, father of Capt. Peter C. Hains and Thornton Hains. When Capt. Hains killed the man he believed had wrecked his home, and he and his brother were accused of conspiring together to commit murder, the old father's fighting blood rose and he turned like an old lion to defend his cub. In his eyes his son's deed was justified. This point of view was shared by a large number of people, women as well as men. That he saved his sons from the grip of the law was a triumph for him, but the triumph only attenuated

the grief that the killing had laid upon him.

So it was with gallant old Gen. Molineux. He, however, was spared the grim horror of knowledge of a son's guilt, for he firmly believed in Roland's innocence of the murder, and his fight for the youth's acquittal was urged on not only by affection but by confidence in the triumph of justice.

Another father who was buoyed up to the last by faith in his boy's innocence was A. F. Tucker, whose son Charles was put to death for killing Mabel Page. To the very last he was firm in this faith. He kept up the fight to prove his son innocent right to the hour of execution, and in one of his petitions to the governor for clemency he expressed in a sentence the tragedy of the parent whose son is accused of a grave crime: "Our hearts are bursting with anguish."

Such a case as this was that of Henry Clay Beattie, the Richmond banker, whose son has been convicted of murdering his young wife. He kept up the fight, having appealed for a new trial, without result. The father's heart must be wrung with grief over the wild career that led his wayward son into these direful straits.

Much was written about Carlyle Harris' mother when that boy was on trial for killing his young wife, and old Charles Harris, the father, was mentioned only incidentally. Back into the shadows cast by his strong wife sank the figure of the unsuccessful old man. Nobody paid any attention to him. He was alone with his great sorrow.

When Dr. Crippen was being hunted, tried and put to death for killing his wife a lonely old man in California followed the reports of the case with trembling interest. Myron A. Crippen was too old to be of any help to the son who had left him long ago. Though unheralded, the greater tragedy was the father's, not the son's. When Albert Wolter was convicted of killing Ruth Wheeler his old father, a veteran of the Franco-Prussian war, felt the blow as a long-delayed retribution for the one great sin of his life, and so expressed himself. Albert was the child of a woman Carl Albert Wolter had known in Germany. Deserting the mother and baby, the elder Wolter had come to America and wedded another woman. She had died and he, stricken by remorse, had sent for the mother and child to join him in America and had legitimized the one by wedding the other.

"The Sins of the Fathers."

And now this child had committed a murder so fiendish in its horror that the old Prussian soldier bowed his head under the shock and murmured words about the sins of the fathers being visited upon their children.

Another case was that of Gen. Jeremiah V. Messerole of Brooklyn, whose son, Darwin J. Messerole, killed Theodore W. Labig in a fight. The old soldier fought bravely to save his son and the verdict of acquittal, followed as it was by the young man's conversion and reception into Plymouth church, was balm to the father's wounded heart.

There can scarcely be a doubt about the grizzled Confederate veteran, Col. T. V. Richeson, believing in his son's innocence. But the tragedy of such an accusation against a dearly beloved son is less only than that of his conviction.

These fathers whose gray hairs are brought down in sorrow to the grave, as the patriarch Jacob expressed it, are tragic figures. They appeal for sympathy, but their weight of woe is too heavy to be alleviated by words.—New York World.

No Use for Molly.

"Admiral Schley, as his own splendid career showed, didn't believe in automatons," said a Washington veteran. "He didn't believe in the subordinate who lets his boss do all the thinking for him. I once heard Admiral Schley talking to a young Annapolis student. He told the student that unreasoning and unquestioning obedience to orders was, if the orders were wrong, a foolish thing. He said the navy had no more use for men of that stamp than the Widow Black had for her maid Molly."

"The widow, he explained, told Molly one evening that if any one called she was only at home to Mr. Munn. Then she retired to her room and took a little nap. On toward ten o'clock she awoke and, ringing for Molly, she asked: 'Did any one call?' 'Oh, yes, ma'am,' said Molly. 'Mrs. Blank called, and Miss Dash, and the pastor.'"

"And you told them what I told you to?"

"Yes, ma'am. I said you was only at home to Mr. Munn."

Queensland's Sugar Industry.

Queensland is one of the great sugar-producing states of Australia, and practically all of the sugar consumed in the Commonwealth is raised and refined in this state and in the northern part of New South Wales. The leading feature of the sugar industry is the number of small cane growers engaged in it, who now supply cane to the central mills of which they are proprietors.

NOVEL TOMATO SALAD GOOD ENGLISH DISHES

SOME SUGGESTIONS THE HOUSE WIFE WILL APPRECIATE.

Icy Coldness, Careful Skinning and Marinating Are Essentials of Good Salad—Some Recipes Worth One's Consideration.

The essentials of a good tomato salad are icy coldness, careful skinning, and marinating. Prepare early enough in the day to keep in the refrigerator for three hours before using, and for half an hour at the end soak in a thick emulsion of French dressing, though mayonnaise is to be used on the salad proper.

If a tomato skins easily do not put it in hot water. With some varieties this will be possible, especially if the tomato be very cold and a sharp knife is used. The usual custom is to pour boiling water over the tomatoes, let stand a half minute, then peel with blunt silver knife and put at once on the ice.

Tomatoes take the flavor of their dressing so much better when sliced that many salads are prepared in sections, cut in lengthwise pieces, four or six to a tomato, according to size. Serve on a nest of lettuce or arrange as a border around shredded lettuce with a narrow outer border of white lettuce hearts. Dot with mayonnaise.

The whole tomato is so hard to eat that it is more often used as a cup than any other way. The fillings are endless and various odds and ends of vegetables can be utilized.

Especially good is one of cold peas highly seasoned with plenty of butter and mixed with a few capers. Cold corn dressed with plenty of butter, cayenne, salt, and a little whipped cream makes a novel filling and served with rich mayonnaise is excellent.

Cold spaghetti cut into small pieces and dressed with a highly spiced tomato sauce looks pretty and tastes good in a tomato cup, or the paste can be dressed with cream sauce and mixed with grated parmesan and chopped pimientos.

Remnants of chicken can be made into a nice salad filling by running it through a chopper, then season highly, and mix to a paste as for sandwich filling with a little whipped cream. Dot the top with anchovies or shredded green peppers.

Minced ham mixed with mayonnaise is as good in tomato cups as it is on croutons or sandwiches. If hard-boiled egg—yolk—is run through a vegetable press and dotted over the top of the cup it makes a pretty coloring.

Another good filling consists of tiny button onions, boiled until soft, made icy cold and mixed with mayonnaise. This is far less painful to the bystander than the shredded onion so often used.

A delicious salad is made from sections of tomatoes marinated in French dressing, served on lettuce leaves and sprinkled thickly with very crisp bacon, cut into small shreds. Mayonnaise can be passed.

A novel salad is a small tomato, cut almost through in lengthwise sections, with minced cress peeping from the cuts. The tomato is only cut enough so it will hold together and the cress is marinated in French dressing. The tomato is then set on a round of canned pineapple, which rests on a tender lettuce leaf, the whole being garnished with mayonnaise.

Helpful Hints.

Holding tomatoes over the gas flame will cause the skin to burst and come off easier than when scalded, and the tomato will be less mushy than when scalded.

Sponges should be washed free of soapuds each time they are used and hung up to dry. As often as possible scald them in soda water and hang them in the sunshine.

Cut hams may be kept from molding if the cut end is wet with vinegar each time after cutting. Vinegar will also keep beef fresh for a time when you happen to be without ice temporarily.

When canning it is well to know that all preservatives are dangerous. Anything that will overcome the gases tending to spoil canned fruit is liable to prevent their digestion and so is not advisable.

Cold water is preferable to warm for scrubbing floors because it does not sink into the wood and so dries quickly.

Quince Liqueur.

Grate some ripe quinces, which have been washed, dried and cored, but not pared, upon a coarse grater, spread on a dish, sprinkle with sifted sugar, and leave for twenty-four hours. Next day, strain through a sieve into a basin, and if necessary strain the juice through a hot jelly bag or fine cloth until it is perfectly clear. For each two cupfuls add half a pound of lump sugar, and two cupfuls of brandy or whisky, and let it stand for two weeks, shaking it every day, then put into bottles ready for use.

JOHN BULL'S COOKING OFFERS MUCH WORTH TRYING.

Beefsteak Pudding Is Dish That Would Go Well With the Growing Schoolboy or the Athlete—Potato Soup.

While the solid, savory platters beloved of our cousins over the sea combine badly with the dyspepsia-ridden stomachs that accompany American nervous systems, there are others for which our national cuisine would be much the better.

Even the heavier combinations, as of meat and pastry, would be useful at times if prepared as they are in the best English kitchens. The golfer, the baseball player and the growing school boy, for instance, would welcome English beefsteak, pudding and would have no cause to regret the solidity of it afterward.

This pudding requires a rich boiling, pastry made of five or six ounces of suet and half a pint of water or milk; or use one and a half pounds of flour, butter and water. Roll it out about a quarter of an inch thick and have the pudding dish well greased before lining it with the paste. The beefsteak must be good and tender. Cut it into slices about four inches long. Season these, flour them and roll tightly. Fill the pudding dish with them, leaving, however, enough space for the water which is to form the gravy.

Cover the top with pastry, of course, and be careful to have the edges carefully secured.

It is steamed for four or five hours, and is served in the bowl, folded about with a napkin.

A variant of this dish is beefsteak and kidney pudding, a fine specimen of which requires two pounds of tender steak and two kidneys. Season the meats to your taste, using salt and black pepper.

Cut the steak into pieces about an inch square and cut the kidneys into eighths. Line the dish as above and fill with the meats.

Now pour on the water. Some cooks sprinkle in a little flour to thicken the gravy, but unless it is liked quite thick this is not necessary. Let the water come to within two inches of the rim of the bowl.

Moisten the edges of the crust, cover the top, press two crusts together that the gravy may be imprisoned safely and turn up the overhanging paste.

Wring out a cloth in hot water, flour it and tie up the pudding. Have the water boiling into which it goes, and boil steadily for four hours. If water must be added from time to time, this must be added from a boiling kettle also, as it is of the utmost importance not to reduce the temperature of the pudding.

When the cloth is finally removed cut a round piece in the top of the crust to prevent the pudding bursting, and send it to the table either with a napkin pinned around or in a second more ornamental dish.

Readers and admirers of Mrs. Brown will remember that if there was one dish more than another that "Brown" was "partial to" it was a "weal and am pie." Nor is Brown alone in this. His predilection for the said pastry dainty is shared by many Englishmen of hearty appetites.

Here is the rule for making it: A pound and a half of filet of veal cut into squares, a quarter-pound of lean ham also cut into small pieces, with a tablespoon or thereabout of butter. Cover with water in a deep pie dish and stew well. When it is tender add two hard-boiled eggs cut into slices, a small quantity of minced parsley and a suspicion of thyme. Cover the dish with thin pastry and bake.

English potato soup is both economical and savory. For it they boil marrow bones and strain off the stock. To this is added a plate of cut-up veg-

Pincushion for Seamstress.

Get a large, firm sponge. With a sharp knife cut across the grain, a slice one inch thick; trim edges, then cover with any pretty suitable material, sew to the back a stiff cardboard to keep pins from sticking into you and it is ready to pin to your waist—so light and easy to stick into and yet holding the pins firmly enough to be really satisfactory. This is better than cotton, hair, wool or sawdust, and every dressmaker knows the convenience of such a cushion.

Split Pea Soup.

Wash and soak a pint of peas over night, put on a beef bone to cook early in the morning; skim it carefully then add the soaked peas, and simmer at back of stove. They ought to cook soft in three hours; then add half a cup carrots cut fine and, if liked, a little minced onion. Another hour should finish it and give you a delicious and wholesome soup.

Plato's Philosophy.

Self conquest is the greatest of all victories.—Plato.

THE STRANGE COINCIDENCES OF SOLDIERS' SONS

FATHER.

Col. T. V. Richeson, Confederate veteran.
Gen. Peter C. Hains, veteran of the Civil war.
Gen. Edward L. Molineux, veteran of the Civil war.
Gen. Jeremiah V. Messerole, veteran of the Civil war.
Carl Albert Wolter, veteran of the Franco-Prussian war.

SON.

The Rev. C. V. T. Richeson, arrested on suspicion after the death of Avis Linnell by poison.
Capt. Peter C. Hains, who was sent to prison for killing W. C. Annis, Roland B. Molineux, charged with killing Mrs. Adams; first convicted but later acquitted.
Darwin J. Messerole, tried for killing Theodore W. Labig, but acquitted.
Albert Wolter, convicted for murdering Ruth Wheeler.